



MY LITTLE GARDEN
AND
YOUR LITTLE GARDEN



JOSEPHINE ROGERS SIDLE



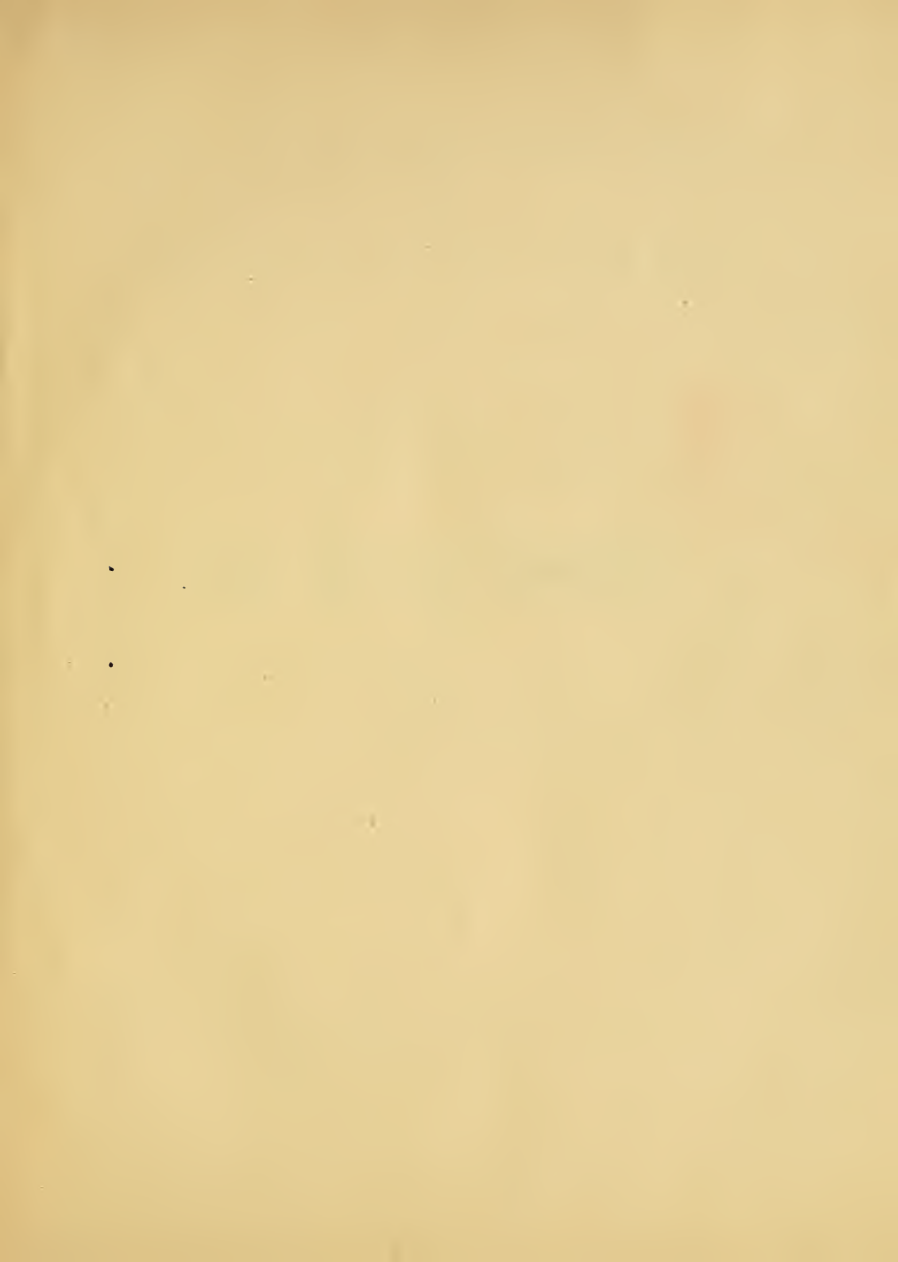


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OUR LITTLE GARDEN

MY LITTLE GARDEN AND YOUR LITTLE GARDEN

BY
JOSEPHINE ROGERS SIDLE



MINNEAPOLIS
NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to you,
little sister, the sweetest flower
in Nature's garden, and to the
memory of my beloved mother,
who must have imbued into
my soul this wondrous love of
flowers.

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CHAPTER I

*My garden is a place of enchantment
Shared with the birds, the bees, and the butter-
flies;
A place to rest, to dream, and to forget.*

It seems so strange a thing to me, why so few people know or feel the restful charm of a garden of flowers. At the age of two years my greatest happiness was to sit in the middle of the largest bed of flowers, and pick anything my tiny arms could reach. From my mother I inherited this perfect love of flowers and for the great out-of-door world. She must have imbued into my soul this longing for, and to be of, nature. My happiest hours were spent with her in our garden, with her arm around my waist telling me of this flower or of that, and together watching the setting of the glorious sun as it slowly lost itself be-

hind the hill tops that edge the river banks. She had hoped to make an Eden of this garden spot, and we laid our plans with the exquisite delight of children, and dreamed of the happiness that was to be ours, but cruel Fate strode in our midst and took her soul to Paradise. Her loss to me was so terrible, I felt never another flower could I grow, never another flower could I love, but my undying devotion for her prompted me to try to do better things, to try to accomplish what she had hoped to do. My knowledge of flower lore was so limited I felt lost as to how to begin for I knew only with a proper beginning could I accomplish a perfect end.

My first step was to engage a capable gardener, when to my dismay I found his capabilities lay mostly in handling the spade and hoe, but further than that, as to general knowledge he was as deficient as I was. Then my thoughts turned to books, and in searching for them and finding so few written for our own climatic conditions is what urged me on to

produce this little volume. I only hope to show the beginner what and how successfully to produce a love garden, one that holds you every moment and fills the saddest hours with sweet fragrance and lingering thoughts of true contentment.

CHAPTER II

LAWNS

Our first step is to select only flowers that can be successfully grown by amateurs, grown with comfort and happiness, not with care and worry, tho the production of all things beautiful requires loving care and patience.

Of course, we all know the quaint little old-fashioned flower bed in the middle of the lawn is quite a thing of the past; in order to make a perfect landscape we must have a picture in a frame as it were, a lawn, a house, and a border. I can safely say, all flowers require sunshine; therefore we must follow Mr. Sun for a day or two, and see just where he casts his beams, for in just those spots must we use our greatest efforts.

The next requisite to beautifying the grounds is a well built lawn. First see that

the soil is well pulverized and a goodly supply of black dirt, coarse bone meal and wood ashes is raked in, one-half pound to each square yard, see that all the little holes and low places are well filled, then grade very gently from the foundation of your house to the street. I think all lawns have a much prettier effect in so grading rather than in a perfectly flat surface. Supply yourself with a goodly mixture of grass seed. I find all reputable seed firms have lawn mixtures far superior to any you yourself might mix, because they are composed of the seeds of such grasses as are best adapted to the production of a good sward. Always buy the best lawn seed, tho more expensive in the end it is the cheapest. The proper time to sow the seed is on a still damp day, as any wind will carry it where you do not want it. On such a day, the seed can be scattered with a greater degree of evenness by amateur gardeners. Sow your seed from north to south and cross-sow it from east to west. In this way you are quite sure to miss no part of the ground, and

as a general thing it will germinate in four or five days and in a week's time the soil will show a film of green over its entire surface, and a month later will be quite hidden by the grass, then you can form an opinion of what your lawn will be when the sward is well established. It will take fully one season to thicken up and "stool out," and no lawn is at its best before the second year.

Do not be in a hurry to use your lawn mower. I earnestly advise waiting until the grass gets to be at least four or five inches tall before beginning to clip it. It should be allowed to get such a start that mowing off the top would not interfere with the root action sufficiently to injure it; later on you can adjust your mower to cut lower without any risk to the health of the plant, and the result will be a sward that looks and feels like velvet. Such a lawn is good for years if proper care is taken of it. Remember, a half-pound of coarse bone meal to each square yard raked in the soil just before seeding to my idea is the making of the

lawn. Every lawn should be treated to a good top dressing of lawn fertilizer in the spring and again in August. These two applications of fertilizer will keep the grass in good health and make it vigorous and luxuriant year after year. I much favor sowing all seed in the fall of the year if this can be done before freezing, as the seed receives the benefit of the early spring rains long before seeding could possibly be done; in this all gardeners do not agree, tho my success has come from fall sowing.

The greatest enemy of a well kept lawn is the dandelion. In some manner they find their way and deposit their tiny seeds and seemingly over night we have a wonderful crop of dandelions. So be ever watchful and destroy the first tiny flower that makes its appearance. This brings to my mind an incident, of a man whose greatest joy was his lawn. On his return from two years overseas he found a veritable dandelion garden. Being the father of two lovely little girls, six and eight, he told the little tots that he would give them five

cents a dozen for all the dandelions they would pick and to get their tiny friends to help. With childish enthusiasm the morning found them bright and early surrounded with an army of little folks starting on their campaign. At night when father returned from business, they were waiting with their pails full of dandelions. When asked for their amounts due, according to their figures father owed them something over two thousand dollars. So beware of the dandelion, or you may become financially embarrassed.

CHAPTER III


PERENNIALS

Next to a perfect lawn come perennials. I have spent many years raising and producing perennials. No garden can be a true success without some of these wonderful plants. First must come the making of the perennial bed. All perennial beds must be dug deep. I lay aside perhaps one and a half feet of earth. In the bottom I place old pieces of broken jars, some sand, a bit of gravel, and any coarse material for drainage purposes. Then a few spades of clay to help hold the moisture and over this good rich black dirt and coarse bone meal.

All perennial plants grow down with deep feeding roots, consequently hoeing is more beneficial than water. Water tends to bring

the roots to the surface where they soon dry out and die.

If our perennial border is to be along the lot line or against the house, I feel that a banking of shrubs must come first as a background for the flowers. There are a number of flowering shrubs very attractive and easily grown; first and perhaps the hardiest of all is the old reliable purple lilac. To me in May when they are in full bloom there are no flowers that hold the wonderful fragrance of the purple lilacs. They lend themselves wonderfully for banking, as you can train them to grow either high or spreading, as is your desire. There are other shrubs of the *Syringia* family, tho I find in the long run the syringias grow so tall and branch out at the top so full they outgrow their position in the border. I prefer the syringias by themselves, bunched in some corner where they can hold full sway over their own domain. The Bridal Wreath, *Von Houttei*, is perhaps the favorite shrub among all classes. This is a shrub that in the



latter part of May produces myriads of tiny white blossoms in long sprays that cover the shrub almost completely. There is nothing more saintly pure than a bridal wreath in full flower. After selecting your shrubs see that they are carefully and deeply planted to insure safety in dry seasons. Between the shrubs I leave little spaces for clumps of hollyhocks—to me the King of Glory. (In my garden last year I produced 500 hollyhocks in a single mass. The effect was absolutely dazzling.)

I never make a straight row of hollyhocks as is usually seen in the average garden. Massed together the effect is much more gorgeous, as for artistic effects straight lines and I never agree. Next in front of my bridal-wreath, or Spirea, with the bunches of hollyhocks I place my peonies. I suggest not buying fancy stock. My first terrible blow at raising peonies was when I selected from a local nursery peonies I thought were effective and sure to grow, averaging what I had expected to cost about \$17.00.

After they were delivered to my home and the gardener and I had spent most of the day planting and cherishing and loving them the bill arrived — \$90.00 for a dozen peonies, and for three years never a bloom rewarded us for all our labor and my hard earned money. Why? Climatic conditions. After the third year they were relegated to the brush pile. Peonies are easily grown and require little care if properly planted to start with. Never allow fresh manure to touch the roots, but nourish from the top. Set them deep, but do not cover the crown. Peonies do not like changes. They are like the old maid who for fifteen years refused to re-paper her bedroom because of changing the style of the wall paper. I have known of a famous bed of peonies in one location for fifty years. With fertilizing and care they are things of wondrous beauty. So plant your peonies to remain in one location.

In front of my peonies I place the larkspurs, so wonderful in colors of blue. Lark-

spurs grow to a height of from two to three feet, the Bella Donna being the favorite for all-summer bloom. After their flowers are spent I cut them down, leaving the foliage of the peony to cover their unsightly roots.

Good sized bunches of white phlox add to all perennial beds, and with clumps of iris in the front we have a perennial border which will produce flowers from May through to September.

For all gardens, perennial plants are the standard. By perennial is meant plants lasting from year to year, plants whose leaves and stalks die down but whose roots continue to live. Perennials must be made over, as it were, every three or four years, depending upon the plant. I am giving the names of perennial plants that are the easiest and simplest to grow, but are a joy to every garden. Take the wonderful iris family. These come in every shade of blue, yellow, pink, and white. The German iris is the flower par excellence for our American gardens and has gained great

favoritism over other flowers. No other so staunchly braves the eccentricities of our climate, giving us unblemished foliage and flawless petals. The temptation is to fill our gardens with this sturdy, beautiful flower, to enjoy to the full the resplendent period of its festival, and to rest content for the remainder of the next season in the gracious memory of those June days. We are, moreover, being encouraged in this course, for from out of the green workshops of the world issues a bewildering procession of new irises, in the most enchanting furbishings and all the wondrous colors that can be imagined. But the German iris is after all our greatest friend. It is the easiest and most satisfactory to grow. These are a bulbous plant and I find by planting them in August they are nearly always sure to flower the following June. They will grow in almost any garden soil and require little attention. The German iris loves to bask in the sun and it is quite characteristic for the roots to lie almost on top of the ground, scarcely covered at all or at least very lightly so.

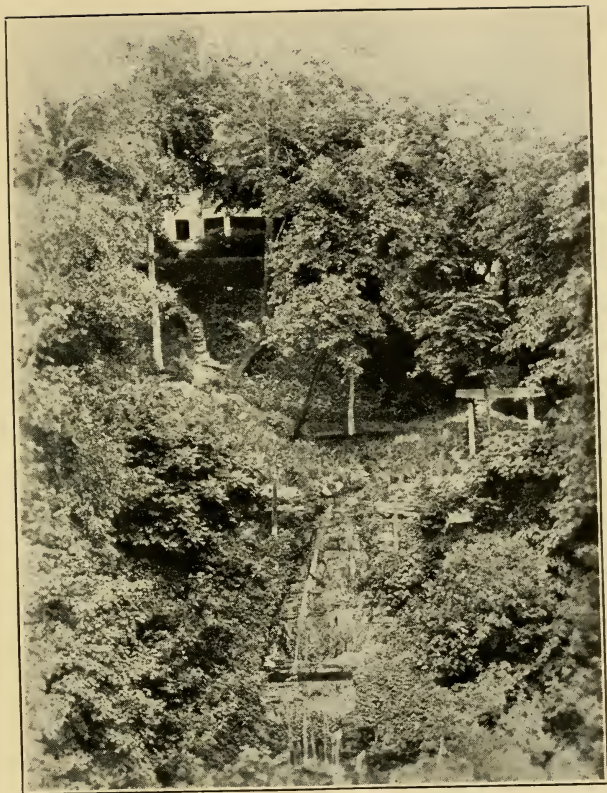
In my iris bed early in June of last year I counted one thousand flowers in one morning. It was a sight not to be forgotten. I am not mentioning the Japanese nor Siberian iris. Tho the Siberian is much easier of culture than the Japanese, still I find difficulty in both for an amateur. After raising two dozen of the Japanese plants from seeds for two years I was rewarded with flowers only one season; consequently I find them most perplexing and disappointing.

Iris grows and multiplies so rapidly I find it necessary to divide the plants every three years. Select that part of the garden you intend using for the new plants, have it cultivated, plenty of good black dirt and coarse bone meal. About August 15 is the proper time to divide them. Do not move your plants from the ground, but take your spade and cut them straight through the middle, removing only one-half of the plant from the ground. Lift this half out and place it immediately in the new bed already prepared.

I never allow any perennial plants or shrubs

to lie around in the wind or sun any longer than is absolutely necessary. Old pieces of burlap or bags should be thrown over the roots if they are to be planted any distance from the old bed. I might say I almost never lose a perennial plant from transplanting, owing to the great care I exercise in doing the work.

After the division of the plants is made see that the earth is well packed around the remaining roots in the old bed where they will continue to thrive and flower as luxuriantly as before. The easy culture of the iris makes it an attraction in itself. It is a free bloomer, and for cutting it cannot be surpassed. Buds will come into full bloom after being placed in water. I cannot too strongly urge the cultivation of the iris, either in single plants or in large quantities.



STREAM BY WHICH FORGET-ME-NOTS ARE GROWING

*"Of all the flowers that deck the field
Or grace the garden of the heart,
Though others richer perfume yield
The sweetest is forget-me-not."*

Fortunate is the flower lover whose garden is blessed with a brook, for here in countless numbers the birds may bathe and drink, and on the sloping margins the wild flowers find their home. Such a brook have I. It is fed from springs half a mile distant, and is as clear and cold as a mountain stream. It gurgles and bounds and jumps, turns and twists over its stony bed until it forms itself into a glorious waterfall where it splashes and falls some sixty-five feet into a gorge of emerald green, thence on into the river below.

On either side of this stream for a distance of some thirty feet I have placed my iris. In front of the iris on the very bank of the stream forget-me-nots are growing. The dear little old-fashioned flower we so seldom see in any of our gardens now-a-days is *not* the forced forget-me-not we find at the florist, that has a beauty but no fragrance; but it is the wild

riotous little flower that sows itself, first up on the banks of the stream, then down away into the water's edge. This flower seeds and re-seeds itself until it has formed a veritable sheet of dazzling blue. It is the one spot *de resistance* in my garden. I am always suggesting to my friends to cultivate this flower, if only in small quantities. It is an erroneous idea that forget-me-nots will not grow unless near the water. This I have proven conclusively, for up on the high ground in the full sun I have raised this same little flower in profusion, but in this location it does not seed itself and is quite apt to dry out unless well watered. Over this bed in early spring I turn a bushel of leaf mold, which seems about all it requires. A package of seed will cost you but fifteen cents, and oh, the glory of this one package—if you love dainty little flowers try the forget-me-not. Remember to plant it where it will get the sun, either in the morning or afternoon, for it will droop its dainty head and die if left without the warmth of the sun to cheer it into life. In buying your seed, ask

for the extra large flower. This seems to be of a more robust nature and withstands the dry weather better than the smaller species. Late May and all through June it is a solid mass of bloom. About July 10, we cut off the old flowers and buds so that late in August and September it comes into flower again, tho not as profusely as in May and June. Up on the hillside in partial shade grow the lilies of the valley. Have you seen a dainty vase filled with lilies of the valley and a spray of forget-me-nots, and have you forgotten it? No, if you are a flower lover I am quite sure you never could. My enthusiasm when it comes to lilies of the valley is quite beyond my control. Just why, I cannot explain; there is something about them so white, so dainty, and oh, so wondrous sweet.

I plant them both on the north and south side of my home in partial shade. Some gardeners will tell you they need no sun. I have never found it so. They require deep, rich loam, and little care, but year after year they will surprise you by constant blooming. Be

good to them, cultivate them occasionally and you will be well repaid for your efforts. They flower the last of May and through June and are white in color. They send up long dainty slender stalks with what appear to look like tiny white bells on either side of the stalk, growing some six to eight inches high. The leaf is straight and stalky and the flowers grow from the center of the plant.

And now comes June, the month of roses and peonies, the beginning of the larkspurs, and even the copper red gaillardia and yellow coreopsis commence to awaken to their duties.

*Said Pasture Rose, the Bumble Bee
Quite often leaves her babes with me,
I love to hold them next my heart,
I'm sorry when it's time to part.*

— GORDON

Roses play a large part in an ideal garden. Indeed a garden of roses is a fairy land, a fairy land where one may sit and dream sweet dreams, weave fancies, and recall tender mem-

ories. We are all better for a little dreaming, and a rose garden filled with the soft sweet perfume of a full blown rose is the one spot in which to linger, to dream, and to forget, it brings to you a contentment borne of peace and perfect sympathy with your surroundings. Roses are so pure, so soft, so sweet, yet when I think of the hours, the days, the weeks I have spent on rose culture, and at the end of it all I was a sad failure!

But the longing for a garden rose pursued me; so I visited a local nursery and told the nurseryman my rose woes.

I was so ambitious to grow only one, just the plain old fashioned yellow garden rose, the kind that grew in the garden at my home when I was a small child and always stood by the side of the yellow flowering currant, where I gathered them the last days of school, and the fragrance of that rose; I close my eyes and drift back to the days of my childhood and eternal peace.

After explaining my difficulties to the nurs-

eryman and of my desire for just a yellow rose, he laughed and said: "Why that is a joke, they grow without half trying, no covering, no trouble at all." After his wonderfully assuring words of perfect success, I purchased two of his jokes, as it were, and rushed home fearing they would die before I got them in the ground.

I selected my location, wonderfully bright sunny spots, sun all day long, perfect soil, an abundance of fertilizer, every requisite known to rose culture.

We planted the roses. All summer it was my special duty to tend them. I religiously did my work. The bushes thrived and grew. Fall came, I covered the roots with fertilizer. I burlaped the bushes and bid them a fond farewell until early spring. All winter, while traveling in a warmer clime, my yellow rose was fresh in my memory. In fact, I am sure I persuaded the family to go North unusually early that year, not daring to give my reason why. Spring came, daily I visited my rose

bush, peeping in through the burlap here and there and wondering and waiting. Finally, we removed the covering. Ah, the terror of that moment. Yes, they were dead. Of course they were dead. Now do you understand why I am a failure at rose culture? There is still one rose that clings, one rose that will always find a spot in my heart. It is the tiny pink bud known as the Sweetheart Rose. Ah—the memories of that rose!

*"Thou art not my first love,
I had loved before we met
And the memory of those happy days
Still lingers with me yet.
But thou, thou art my last love
The sweetest and the best.
My heart but shed its outer leaves
To give thee all the rest."*

I know of many roses I might suggest for a rose garden. Other people raise them and in a most nonchalant manner tell me of their easy culture. I shut my eyes and hear myself

saying: "Fairy tales." I will leave the culture of roses to some less skeptical person and go on to the care and raising of peonies.

I have previously told you of my first experience in raising peonies. Perhaps I have a bit of stubbornness about me, presumably so from the close companionship of ten years with my old gardener who hailed from the land of the Midnight Sun, which explains the tale.

Tho my first venture with peonies was such a crushing failure, it never for one moment dampened my ardor, and I continued to grow peonies until I now feel I am quite expert.

Peonies should be in every garden, however large or small. They are the very easiest of culture, and if given a good, rich garden soil and left undisturbed they are good for many years. The wonderful pink peony that so closely resembles the rose has a fragrance almost equal to it. Other colors, red and white, are fully as attractive tho they have no fragrance. The peony blooms in June, requires

plenty of sun, and an occasional stirring up with the hoe so as to keep the earth well loosened around the plant, but not so near as to disturb the roots.

Be sure and include them in your list of perennials. They are not expensive; and in buying select good sized plants, as it will take three years to form perfect flowers from young plants. Do not divide your plants often. Peonies object to being moved.

Blooming almost at the same time as the peony is the red lily commonly called the "Candlestick Lily." It grows about fifteen inches high, and the flowers form at the top of a single stem and probably average from four to five inches across. They are of a bright red color and most effective. I have seen as many as five flowers on a single stalk. I am exceedingly fond of this hardy plant. It requires little attention. It thrives in a coarse soil of clay and sand and some black loam. In planting the bulbs, place a handful of good clean dry sand around the bulbs before cover-

ing them on account of drainage. Any water standing on lily bulbs is ruinous to the plant. In partial shade they are at their best. Try them in your border. They add a bit of bright color very pleasing to the eye. The pure white Madonna lily is easily grown, and it is so seldom we see it in the average garden. The fragrance is delightful. It flowers in June and July. Cultivation is the same as the Red lily.

*Now folds the lily all her sweetness up
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.*

—TENNYSON, *The Princess*

Few hardy plants have grown more rapidly in importance during recent years than the gaillardia. Indeed, they have almost risen to the rank of florist flowers; at all events, there are now named varieties available. They are easily raised from seed, and bloom the second year. The lovely copper reds, together with

the almost bright lemon colors, are perhaps the most popular flowers for cutting in my garden. They are not a successful border flower as the habit of the plant is of too rambling a nature. They bloom almost continuously from July through to September, and are likely to have flowers when every other occupant of the garden has given up blooming.

Among the loveliest and most useful of yellow flowers are the perennial coreopsis. Their color is very pure and fine and runs the scale from mild lemon yellow color to almost deep orange. The flowering period extends from the latter part of June through to about August 15, if the flowers are well picked so as not to allow seed pods to form. Few plants grow with such hearty good will in all sorts of positions, while none known to me are so free from disabilities of any kind, or the attack of insects. There are yellow flowers a-plenty for all the gardening seasons, but I find none more pleasing both for borders or single plants than this same yellow coreopsis. For bou-

quets this dainty little flower cannot be surpassed. Used with the blue corn flowers and a bit of rue for table decoration, it is most fascinating.

The Shasta daisy, coming into flower about July 7, is another hardy July flower. Plant it where it has an abundance of room, for it spreads, seemingly overnight. Full sun and a little cultivation is all that is necessary. In size and color, it resembles the June marguerite, only it is of a coarser quality.

We have in Sweet William, the old fashioned garden favorite, a new plant — the Scarlet Beauty. This new plant is a very dark red with blackish stems. It makes a stunning border for early blooming. Sweet Williams I think are best treated as biennials, the young plants started in a nursery bed, set in the garden in the fall, and pulled up after the first flowering as the seeds are so easily raised and the second flowering is a poor effort at its best.

What a chaos of beauty there is in a flower garden upon a July morning! Standing in

the midst of the garden, one experiences a sort of breathlessness of soul and sends forth little subconscious pleas to the Powers for more capacity to enjoy the bounty of this glowing, exuberant month — for this is the month of the hollyhock, the worst flirt out. One never knows what to expect of it, except that it is always bright and smiling. It is a stately coquette, pretty and wilful. It casts its seed in the most undesirable places and flourishes its coarse green leaves from the most impossible locations. With all its wilful mannerisms it is the glorious favorite of my entire garden. When all my hollyhocks are in full flower my impulse is to jump up and down and clap my hands — they are so wickedly alluring. I find them easy to raise. Seeds sown in June will transplant in early spring the following year and be in full flower by July 15. Give the hollyhocks deep, rich soil with a bit of sand, but never allow them to be planted where water can stand on them through the winter. They rot and die. I lost three hundred young plants in one winter on account

of bad drainage. I rarely, or never transplant young hollyhocks in the fall. My success has always been in early spring transplanting. The single hollyhock, which is an annual (tho there is also a single perennial) will flower the first year. The hollyhock is at its best when forming bold clumps near the back of an herbaceous border. Here the plants may be put a yard apart in clumps of three or more. Do not plant hollyhocks where they will be shut in by spreading clumps of large herbaceous plants in full growth; for when the hollyhocks are shut in, the bottom leaves soon begin to lose their color, and once decay starts in it will soon destroy the plant. It will be found that the catalogs make cheap offers of seedlings, single and double, and these well grown will do good service. Hollyhocks are seldom true to their seeds. After you have carefully selected and saved the seeds from the most promising double blossoms and sowed them in fear and trembling — after you have watched and protected them for a year — they will calmly and unblushingly display



HOLLYHOCKS IN FULL BLOOM

a single-petaled bloom. Of all the beautiful, tantalizing coquettes, the double hollyhock is queen.

*In one familiar garden let me grow
Amid the sweetness of the things I love.
Here for me, are all my joys, my loves.
Transplant me not, lest spite of warmer soil
and sunnier sky
In my great loneliness I pine and die.*

How well I remember a sad, sad day in July when I dropped my doll on the stone pavement. The fright of that terrible moment when I saw my beautiful doll, crushed and broken at my feet, brought forth a scream from my husky little lungs. It had its effect, for the entire family were immediately on the scene. After being assured by my darling mother that the doll's head could be mended, but with skepticism in my heart, I slowly stole away and found myself in the midst of the friendly larkspur bed. Here I threw myself down upon the ground and in my childish way

sobbed my poor little aching heart out into the ears of these stately flowers. Larkspurs were to me like wonderful fairies, who had the power to transform bad into good; and, sad of heart, I fell asleep. I dreamed of my beautiful doll, of its poor little broken neck, and in my sleep I sobbed aloud. My nurse maid wakened me, and in her arms carried me back to the nursery, and there in my little willow rocking chair sat my doll, all whole and perfect again. Of course, these wonderful larkspur fairies had made my doll all new. July is the month of the larkspur. This noble plant is one of the greatest assets of the herbaceous border. It sends up its tall columns of blue in thousands of gardens, assertive, compelling, triumphant. It comes on with a rush; it succeeds the peony and precedes the phlox. In color, it is a radiant blue—blue in all shades. It requires a deep, rich soil and some clay, and must be manured generously.

Larkspurs do not spread to any great extent, but when planted in deep, rich soil you should

plant them about a yard apart. Divide them about every three years, preferably in the spring. Those who have to look closely at the cost of their plants should consider the advisability of raising a stock from seeds. The mixed seeds yield beautiful varieties, light and dark, single and double. The seeds can be sown in drills of prepared soil in open ground in early summer, and the plants set out in the following autumn or the early summer of the next year where they are to remain. Some will flower the first season. It may be added that small plants of the beautiful and popular variety, known as the Bella-donna, one of the best larkspurs ever raised, is found for sale by our market gardeners in good, strong, sturdy plants at a very low price. I have purchased many of these small plants and have always found them satisfactory.

The perennial larkspur rarely suffers from enemies, unless it be from slugs in spring. Free dustings of lime at night will greatly reduce this pest. Blue is not a common color

in the garden, still less so among tall, strong plants. Consequently, I find the larkspur one of greatest charm. Its wonderful shadings of light and dark and even lavender blue is truly a glorious picture. There is something particularly appealing about a blue flower. "This seems always to have been the case for there is hardly a flower of this hue but has won for itself several intimate and affectionate pet names, showing the closeness of its life, whether in the garden or the open, with the lives of flower-loving humanity." Today there is a craze for blue borders and even entire blue gardens.

You seldom see larkspurs poorly placed. They seem to lend themselves so gracefully to every situation, and yet, even with these delightful flowers, one must strive for effective arrangement.

Planting back of, or among, my larkspurs, I use the anchusa. It may be said the anchusa has taken the eye of the gardening public and bids fair to be as popular as the phlox or del-

phinium. This is not surprising, for though we are puzzled by its capricious biennial-perennial tricks, the anchusa faces our frigid climate with supreme complaisance for which alone we owe it a debt of gratitude. The Dropmore variety is perhaps the most popular. A small root planted in the spring may by August 15th produce a plant with strong stem three or four feet high, all clothed with flowers of a rich gentian blue. An old plant may come into bloom in June, and still be in flower in September. It is one of the very finest of herbaceous plants. It will thrive in almost any soil and in a dry sunny spot. It grows in a small bushy shape. Its foliage is undeniably coarse, and has a laxness of carriage, with a tendency to flop on its neighbors; but there can be no fault found with the tints in which it decks itself.

August is the month of the phlox. This great and noble plant plays an important part in the herbaceous border. The phlox is the

indisputable queen of late summer. Its vigorous, immense panicles of brilliant flowers, and its long period of beauty, combine to render it supreme in its season. The colors comprise a long and beautiful range — there are pure white, pale pink, rose, salmon, orange, scarlet, lilac, lavender, purple, and violet. In good soil the flower heads are of immense proportions, and what is more, they remain fresh and lovely for many weeks. The phloxes are among the hardiest denizens of the garden. No extreme of cold seems to affect them, and they will thrive in almost any soil. The upright and compact habit of the phlox is one of its strongest assets. It will thrive in a heavy damp soil, or in a common garden soil. A light sandy soil seems to be its only enemy. Owners of large and small gardens alike should grow phloxes. There is no flower in the garden that produces a more stunning effect than an immense bed of perennial phlox. I grow them most successfully in a partially shaded glen where they seem to retain their

colors longer than on the higher ground. A hedge of perennial phlox in full flower in the middle of August is a marvelous climax, in August's robust symphony.

Planting may be done in autumn or in spring. Frequent division is good, and there is no reason why this should not be done in autumn.

The phlox has such inherent vigor that it may be propagated with ease — by division or by cuttings in spring. Seedlings may flower the year after the seeds are sown. There are early growing varieties coming into bloom as early as the latter part of June. Miss Lingard perhaps is the favorite — being a beautiful pure white, hardy and strong and never disappointing. In considering the question of varieties, it is worth while to choose a few early bloomers, as well as late, thereby securing a long succession of flowers. No other flower gives such vivid breaks of color in proportion to the room that the plants occupy. Their habit renders them most suit-

able for grouping. Plants may be set two feet apart without suffering from overcrowding. They will give brilliant floral beauty for many weeks.

The tiger lily is, next to the phlox, the most important plant in the late August garden. The peculiar orange brown colors of the tiger lily cannot be trusted to stand amiably in the vicinity of any of the innumerable pink phloxes, tho with some of the sharp scarlet sorts and a few of the coolest lavenders, it does well enough. The only effective way to plant tiger lilies is in hugh masses, nearby some pale flowering phlox, or even by themselves. The tiger lily grows like any other plant under ordinary garden conditions. It seeds itself prolifically.

What is a prettier picture than the stately yellow golden glow nodding its fluffy blossom in the August sunlight? I love golden glow. Masses banked against a white frame cottage, with dainty pink and white phloxes at their base is as pretty a picture as one may care to

see. It is so easily grown and takes such excellent care of itself and produces such wonderful results, one could scarcely pass it by. In August the sunflowers all thrive and are at their best. I use sunflowers for cutting, and in tall brass vases they are very stunning with bunches of wild purple asters by their side; and for a week by changing the water they will continue fresh and sweet. One more August and September perennial that is quite the best of them all is the boltonia. This fuzzy little flower which exactly resembles the daisy, grows to six and sometimes eight feet high, and forms huge clumps of flowers. In the shrubbery bed, well to the front, it is at its best. It comes in both white and pink and is in flower from late August until frost.

The aquilegia, or columbine, is the daintiest of them all; in fact, almost too delicate for the perennial borders unless on the outside edge. The new columbine, that is, the long stemmed flowers that are so much in favor now, throw their flower spikes sometimes a

yard high. They bloom early, but do not last long. Beautiful as the columbine is, it is not one of the best plants for color grouping, but in a bed by itself is of much interest. The best of columbines have large flowers with long spurs. They come in wonderful colorings — lavenders, pinks, yellow, pure white, and purple. They seed easily and soon grow to flowering size.

CHAPTER IV

COLOR AND GROUPING OF PERENNIALS

Color—glowing, brilliant, and inspiring—marks the modern flower garden, in which the best hardy perennials are grown liberally and arranged skilfully.

Perennials form pictures of remarkable beauty when used with judgment, and artistic people delight in working out charming effects with them. Those who would realize in full the joys of flower gardening should make themselves familiar with the best perennials. The dominating thought of the flower lover must be how to make a flower garden; to that end we must consider all plants. In selecting my list of perennials, I have named only those which are the easiest of culture, and which will bring color to your garden each month of the summer.

The iris, peony, and lily for May and June, the larkspurs and hollyhocks for July and the wonderful phlox family for August and September. These flowers alone afford deep interest and delight to thousands, and let us enthusiastically acknowledge their power, but not to the extent of neglecting other beautiful flowers. The wise gardener will refuse to become absorbed in any one plant, however beautiful.

In the garden of today hardy herbaceous perennial plants play so great a part that we almost speak of them as the backbone of the garden.

Annuals, and even shrubs, are less important than this great class, and to the bulk of flower lovers, a summer garden without perennials would be of little interest. Flower-lovers strive, and rightly so, to get harmonious groups of color in their gardens. In these days, color grouping with herbaceous perennials is one of the features of flower gardening and by practice one finds that he gets the best results by restricting himself to a few.

The plants should not be crowded. In large beds there may be groups of three or more of each kind instead of single plants.

The routine of culture keeps the flower lover who devotes himself to hardy perennials in the open air, which brings health and happiness to the gardener.

There is a short season in the spring in which to uncover your plants, hoeing and raking around the roots to keep the soil loose, thus preparing for early rains. In autumn the old growth is cleared away and bulbs are planted; staking of the plants is done in summer. This is a great advantage for the amateur whose time is not his own.

The owner of a large garden should go in for bold herbaceous borders in front of shrubbery, along margins of lawns, by the sides of drives and walks, and in front of hedges.

The owner of a small garden may have beds and borders along his dividing lines or fences, and along his principal paths.

The cost of plants varies, to a considerable extent, with the age of the varieties chosen; but

good plants of all the principal kinds are available at low rates.

The standard variety may be capable of producing exactly the same effect in the garden as a novelty.

From a purely garden point of view, herbaceous plants are not expensive. There is no system of flower gardening that can be carried out so economically as the culture of hardy perennials. This is an important fact that the flower lover must keep in mind if economy is his master.

The best way of buying for a beginner is to get collections which every dealer in hardy plants offers at special rates. At the end of a year, or certainly two years, if the culture has been good and the season wet, these plants can be multiplied by dividing them, and the collection thus enlarged at no extra expense.

The area of an herbaceous border depends to some extent on the size of the garden. The small garden can have its borders five or six feet wide, and one can get an enormous amount

of pleasure out of it. These borders should be made in the fall, as the spring work is often hampered by heavy rains lasting well into the planting time. The florist is very glad to do business in the fall, and will supply liberal clumps to his early customers, therefore, buy them at this time and do autumn planting when there is plenty of time to do it well. Plant your clumps twelve to eighteen inches apart, with three to four plants to a clump, thus insuring bold masses of color, and allowing good distancing for cultivation.

Let me once more refer to the use of perennials for the purpose of emphasizing my good opinion of their many merits. They have a dignity not possessed by the annuals; they are rich in color effects, they are easily grown, their value is becoming more fully understood each year, and the amateur gardener makes a serious mistake if he refuses to avail himself of their assistance in making the home grounds attractive.

CHAPTER V

VINES AND SHRUBS

My great desire was to have a vine-covered fence as an enclosure for my summer home. With this idea in mind, I immediately set out to produce it. I purchased a six-foot heavy wire fencing; this I had set on a 400-foot lot line, being the only level line surrounding my home. I had a deep trench two feet deep dug along the fence. This I filled with a bit of sand, rotted manure, and rich black dirt. The Virginia creeper, perhaps the hardiest vine we have, grows in quantities on the river bank below us. My gardener and I spent many days collecting these young vines and planting them one foot apart along this fence. The task finally completed, we reveled in the thought of its promised beauty. The vines made a marvelous growth, far beyond our

wildest hope, for the first summer. In the fall we threw a banking of old dry leaves over the roots, which is not at all necessary even in our frigid climate. But the vines were such enthusiastic little climbers that I was anxious to give them every care and protection. In the spring, we nourished and cultivated them with great zest, so that at the end of the second summer, my vine-covered fence was a reality and I was floating on the crest of a silver cloud. We closed our summer home early that fall and moved into town.

Two weeks later I had occasion to go to the country, as usual, for forgotten necessities. On entering the driveway, my eye rested on a long black row of smoldering ashes. Just how I made my exit from my motor, I do not remember, though I believe, I took door glass and all with me. My home is situated at the entrance of the park system, and every year the park gardeners burn the old leaves and grasses. It happened that the fire got beyond their control, and the flames leaped across the

street into my vine-covered fence, burning every vine to the ground. I have always tried to forget just what I said. However, the following spring we replaced our vines, and the fall found them struggling to reach the top of the fence. At just this time we were informed that the survey of our lot on this one particular northwest corner was from one to two feet off the correct line, and the city had advised us to move our fence from one to two feet in. After numerous controversies, we agreed to abide by their decision and reset our fence in the early spring.

We came north later than usual that year, and on my arrival at my country home I found that the city, in the hope of doing me a favor, had already moved my fence, pulled up my vines, trampled the roots and entirely destroyed every vestige of any ambitious little verdure that might have pushed itself through the earth in the early spring.

I sat down in dejection and soliloquy. Just why had fate played a part in the beautifying

of that fence? After many an hour of serious thought, my final decision was to bank it with shrubs.

In this I was persuaded by my faithful old gardener to use spirea Von Houttei. The long slender sprays of this spirea, with their tiny white blossoms draping to the ground when in full flower, are so full of grace and gracious sweetness. In front of them I mixed enormous clumps of all colors of hollyhocks, peonies, foxglove, delphiniums, and phloxes (Miss Lingard—pure white, commences to flower in July), old pink, lavender and purple; and at one end an enormous bed of pure yellow coreopsis, in front of which I placed the long stemmed columbine—masses of them, in pink, lavender, and creamy yellow. It is an herbageous border, quite worthy of my greatest efforts. Do you know that I placed between my shrubs young trees of the very common Norwegian poplar, which, by the way, came very nearly causing a break in the entire family? However, I bought and planted the pop-

lar trees. About this time I was forced to allow my gardener to take an entire day off in order to control his temper. "Mrs." was going to ruin her grounds and take all the moisture from the plants, caused by the heavy roots of the trees. In this he was quite right; however, this being the north line, and having all of the sun in front, I considered the trees a good wind break from the cold north winds, and with much nourishment in the line of good fertilizers and plenty of cultivation, I was quite satisfied I was not making a mistake. I prune my trees round at the top, and never allow them to grow coarse and ungainly. I made no mistake. The dainty little leaves of the poplars are like hundreds of silver-winged fairies, always dancing in the sunshine, never still. I love this tree. It is awake to the duties of life, never shirking, never failing you in time of need.

And now after all my trials and disappointments with vine covered fences I am still an enthusiastic proclaimer of their value. I am

listing below the hardy vines, all easy of culture and from which you may expect good results:

Dutchman's Pipe, Trumpet Vine, Wild White Clematis, Wild Grape, Virginia Creeper, and Engleman Vine.

The hardy shrubs which are the background of all good borders, or are used individually against our houses or in corners of our lawns, are as indispensable as our best perennials for making true and fascinating effects. The most popular are:

Flowering Almond Pink, flowering in April and May.

Lilac or Syringa varieties, flowering in May.

Mock Orange or Philadelphus, flowering in June.

Weigelia Pink blooms in June.

Rosa Rugosa blooms in June.

Spirea Von Houttei blooms in June.

Japanese Snowball blooms in June — no disease.

Hydrangias bloom in August.

The mock orange is the most beautiful of all shrubs. In June it is a mass of waxy white flowers with the sweetness and perfume of the orange blossoms. If only one shrub can be purchased, buy this and put it in the broad sunlight and watch results.

The *rosa rugosa* has a dark pink rose, both single and double, rather coarse foliage, but attractive in coloring, and grows from four to five feet in height.

Japanese snowball is far preferable to the old fashioned snowball, as it is free from disease and its period of flowering usually continues through June and July.

Hydrangias, both high bush and low bush, are very showy shrubs. They stand very severe trimming. All of the flowers are formed on new growth and the more severely pruned the larger the panicles. I cut my hydrangias back very closely late in the fall and again early in the spring as I feel too severe pruning in the fall is apt to take too much nourishment



VINE-COVERED FENCE AT ENTRANCE TO MY GARDEN

from the shrub. The tree hydrangia is attractive as a single shrub standing alone and properly placed either on the lawn at the entrance of the drive or in the garden. The flowers may be picked and dried and will last through the winter.

The flowering almond is perhaps one of the most attractive of all shrubs. It grows to a height of five or six feet, and late in April and early May it covers itself with the very daintiest of pink, ball-like flowers long before the leaves are out. Perhaps because it is almost the first shrub to bloom is why it has become such a favorite. All shrubs should be carefully planted in good deep soil, plenty of fertilizer and good care for the first two years, after which time they are quite apt to care for themselves but should be well cultivated at least twice during the season and fertilized in the fall or in the spring.

CHAPTER VI

ANNUALS

*"Little gold bud in a bronze gold vase
With your green leaves drooping over,
Half hiding the lines of your pretty face,
Are you dreaming of your lover?"*

*Your lover's a bee in a velvet robe
A careless and gay young rover.
I'll open the window and let him in
This wanton gay young lover.*

July finds mid-summer floral loveliness at its height. The carnival of flowers is celebrated by the arrival of the annuals in bloom; though they cannot in any way compete with perennials, still they fill the gardens and borders with color and fragrance for many weeks to come.

The beauty of annual flowers is the ease and rapidity with which the seed can be grown,

and the cheapness and simplicity of their culture commend them to flower-lovers.

July is the Queen month for annuals. June's later blossoms linger to bloom in the July garden, perfumes that belong to July commingle and follow the winds, even through open windows, coming as fragrant messengers from old time garden heliotrope, clove pinks, dainty little sweet alyssum and a belated yellow rose.

"It is the bumble-bees' season of revelry when thousands of them hover amid the blossoms in a grand droning chorus and sip from perfumed chalices." The gardener's reward is sweet indeed when midsummer smiles upon a garden over-flowing with brightest bloom, for then and there he finds a spot that makes the world more beautiful.

There is a feeling of well earned rest, for July has few demands upon a gardener's time. One loves to linger among the flowers and scent the perfume of those loved best. Each flower retains a memory of some past day, some

with happiness filled, some with sadness chilled. All combine to make one's garden spot a place of rest for soul and mind.

The dainty little annuals, with their bright snappy colors, lend a cheerfulness to any garden, though their lives are short one could not do without them. We need bright sunshine in our lives; we need bright sunshine in our gardens; and therefore, for such effects we may depend upon our annuals.

"There is a class of plants in the garden toward which one feels a peculiar tenderness, they are the butterflies of the flower world, careless, gay, full of whimsical charm, and without their fluttering life the garden would be bereft indeed." There is room for many of these flowers of grace even in small gardens, for they add a bit of witchery to the garden spot. One of these is the dainty little California poppy. It is fit to be brought into the garden and shine among the best; it seems pleased to come, for it seeds itself about most graciously and scatters its flowers with a freedom of ownership.

My garden was aglow with this golden yellow flower. It was my first effort at flower raising; so happy was I at my phenomenal success that to celebrate my tiny sister's birthday I decided on a yellow poppy dinner. I gathered all the poppies my garden possessed and used them in dainty vases with sprays of larkspurs and meadow rue. The combination to me was quite the daintiest and prettiest I might select. I placed them on my table in positions I thought most effective. At the dinner hour my bubble had burst; all the little golden blossoms had folded their leaves and were sound asleep, nestling close to the protecting larkspurs.

The Yellow Poppy sleeps so tight

Throughout the peaceful summer night

But when sunbeams frolic by its side

It opens its eyes so wide, wide, wide.

The poppy to me is the most transparent and delicate of all the blossoms of the garden. It is sad they so soon drop their silken petals,

for in borders or in the garden there is no flower that would be lovelier in masses. The entrancing shades and tints and exquisitely poised grace of the great poppy flower, swaying upon its delicate slender stem, is worthy of an artist's brush.

The Shirley poppies, perhaps the most popular, are of such delightful shades of pink. They run from the faintest blush to the stunning rose-scarlet, their blossoms swinging on their slender stems, so frail, seem to be "ever balancing to keep from tipping over."

The annual *Delphinium Blue Butterfly* should not be overlooked. Sown in the spring it will flower the same summer. It is an object of great beauty with its bright blue flowers.

The *Calliopas* gives us some pretty flowers of slender growth, running from bright yellow to a red brown, and flowering continuously until frost.

The *Candytufts* have been greatly improved. The large white variety should be grown,

whatever else is omitted; the spikes of bloom are almost as large as the hyacinth, very showy and attractive.

The Cosmos, running from white to pink, and almost a blue lavender, has grown rapidly in favor during the past few years. They bloom on long stems late in the summer, and for cutting flowers are unexcelled.

The Cornflowers, oh! the lovely, blue fairy-like cornflowers! They bring to my memory a friend of mine who declared he fell in love with his wife because she wore a wreath of cornflowers on her hat. I agree with this man thoroughly. What is more fascinating, sweeter, prettier than a lovely girl in a summer frock and a wreath of cornflowers on her hat? I am not in sympathy with the man who refused to have them in his garden because they were Germany's national flower.

Sow them by all means in your garden, if not for yourself, for the bumble bees. If you pick them the bees will go with you through your garden.

In olden times maidens tested the faithfulness of their lovers by saying rhymes as they pulled the petals from these flowers just as they do with the daisies now.

*"Now gentle flower I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me and loves me well;
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue,
Now I number the leaves for my lot,
He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not,
He loves me. Yes! Thou last leaf, yes!
I'll pluck thee not for the last sweet guess."*

Love-in-the-mist is grown for late blooms. Sown in April, it flowers in August and September. It makes dense bushes of a fuzzy foliage in which the flower nestles. It is of a fine dark blue and very attractive.

Petunias are double, single, fragrant, and easily raised. The dainty single pink one, known as Rosy Morn, is the most attractive. Used in masses nothing can surpass their usefulness for color, fragrance, and effect. I mass

four hundred to five hundred plants each year in a south exposure, by July they are a solid bloom of pink. The soil should not be over rich, in fact, almost a poor soil gives best results. They bloom long after the first frost. Petunias sown in hotbeds or in boxes in the house in February flower freely in July.

Portulaca or Sun Rose is a dear little border plant, it thrives in hot dry locations, spreads and runs along the borders showing its varied colors only when the sunbeams fall upon it.

Stocks are always popular with their large, dense spikes of delicious fragrance. They thrive best raised under glass and set out as soon as weather permits. They come both in single and double flowers though the single flower has no beauty. There is a new species called the "Carmen." The flower is stunning — rather a heavy pink in color, and its rich fragrance and lasting qualities make it a prime favorite with flower-lovers.

Sweet peas of course have a tremendous following. Personally, I cannot raise them.

There is a something about the soil in my garden that will not produce sweet peas successfully, nor am I alone in this difficulty. I believe sweet peas require a something in the soil that is not found in all gardens. The successful producer of sweet peas makes it a study by itself, and the markets are filled with the most gorgeous of blossoms selling at a trifle. I should of course advise all true garden lovers to grow them. They must be sown in deep trenches in full sun and never allowed to dry out. To keep the plants in beauty a long time regular gathering must be practiced. Water and liquid manure should be frequently used to insure bright healthy flowers.

The Sweet Sultans should not be overlooked; they may be sown in the ground in early spring and thinned out to a foot apart. They come in lilac, pink, rose, lavender, and purple.

The white form of *Gypsophila elegans* makes an excellent annual. It is a spreading grower. Allow this plant plenty of space, it is a tiny white branching flower wonderful for bouquets.

Golden yellow annuals are many — lemon yellow and burnt orange zinnias, and oh! the lovely marigolds.

*"Yellow Marigold this bright and cheerful
thing
Makes glad the days we are living in.
It sprinkles gold stars one by one
That look like bits chipped from the sun."*

For stately effects, use should be made of the many lovely gladioli, they are so bright and graceful and exhibit such wonderful rose and copper, white, yellow, and red shades.

Of Mignonette we now have fine strains both in giant and dwarf varieties. One of the sweetest is Golden Queen, which grows six inches high.

*The delicate odor of Mignonette
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet
Is all that tells her story; yet,
Could she think of a sweeter way?*

*But whether she came as a sweet perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night.*

— BRET HARTE, *Romance of Newport*

Nasturtiums, both dwarf, and the large climbing varieties are easily the standard of the garden. They thrive in most any soil and come in both light and dark shades. I have raised them from a silvery cream color down to the richest shades of copper reds. They bloom from June to frost and I have often found stray little flowers poking up their brilliant heads after Jack Frost has taken all their foliage.

Nicotianas (tobacco plant) is sometimes of perennial duration. The *Nicotiana affinis* is the well known pure white tobacco plant with wonderful fragrance. I raise this in large quantities. They grow two feet high and open their flowers soon after the sun goes down. In twilight they look like so many pure white stars. I sometimes feel they are

fastened on their slender stems so that the humble things of earth, which couldn't look as high as heaven, could see the stars below.

The *Salpiglossis*, is one of the most interesting, distinct, and graceful annuals, with large bell-shaped flowers in shaded pinks, creams, and lavenders. The flowers are distinctly veined, which makes them especially and singularly effective. They should be thinned out to eighteen inches apart and are considered almost a half hardy annual.

Verbenas must be sown in the house under glass to insure flowers early the first season. They may be seeded in small boxes and transplanted to the ground when the weather is warm and no danger of frost. Though a tremendously hardy plant they are a bit difficult to start but they self sow occasionally with considerable success the second year. They come in all colors. There is a new very hardy tall growing verbenas called the "Venosa." It comes in dark purple and thrives well in half shade. Planted in large quantities and bor-

dered by white sweet alyssum it makes a stunning effect for the herbaceous border.

The old fashioned balsams I find to be of great value in August for transplanting into barren spots of the border. Whole plants in full flower can, with care, be transplanted with ease and successfully so by freely watering and shading from the sun for a day or two and they continue to thrive and bloom as luxuriantly as before. Pink and lavender colors are perhaps the most attractive.

Pansies can be raised from seed, though I advise buying the plants at any local market. They can be had at almost any time at not more than twenty cents a dozen and are always found hardy and productive.

*"The dear little pansies are lifting their heads
All purple, and blue and gold;
They're covering with beauty the garden beds
And hiding from sight the dead mould."*

Snapdragons are to be had in the most fascinating shades of pink, white, cream, yellow,

and red, and are raised every year from seeds very quickly and cheaply. This flower comes in various types—dwarf, intermediate, and tall. The seeds may be bought in separate colors and sown in masses of one color, making a brilliant display.

The aster lover finds almost an embarrassing supply of beautiful colorings awaiting him when he comes to the raising of this late autumn flower. The seeds are sown early in open ground, or you can buy the plants from your local nursery or market place and put out after all danger of frost is passed. A sifting of wood ashes closely around the plants will help in part to destroy the tiny insect that is almost sure to attack this lovely flower. Allow asters plenty of water and keep them well picked, for in so doing you greatly prolong the flowering period.

Pages have been written about the cultivation of the ever popular dahlia. I know a man who plants his dahlia roots late in May in soil so rich that he says they cannot help but

grow and produce wonderful flowers, both in color and size. They bloom freely in August all through the golden autumn until heavy frost nips them down. He tells me if he sees his dahlias fading he immediately fertilizes them in tremendous quantities and they almost at once show the effect of this nourishment. Other producers have told me they plant their roots in almost a solid wet clay with marvelous results. Personally, I do not raise them as I devote almost my entire garden to perennials and a very few easily cared for annuals.

Sweet alyssum is a most satisfactory white, very fragrant little flower. It grows perhaps five or six inches high, and is used for edgings of walks or borders, flowers profusely from June to August—again late in September. The "Little Gem" is perhaps most used, though the large variety is fully as successful.

Dimorphotheca amantiaca is a yellow South African daisy, a lovely annual easily raised in sunny, rather sheltered locations; it blooms profusely all summer and has a marvelous yellow and orange coloring.

Dianthus pinks come in varied colorings; they are sweet, attractive, and easily grown. They are an old fashioned flower but ever popular in a garden.

There are a few annual vines growing quickly and most satisfactorily if one has a few bare spots needing immediate decoration. These vines live but one summer:

Cobaea scandens — flower very indifferently in August.

Crawling nasturtium — flower all summer.

Wild cucumber — flowers in August.

Japanese hop — most satisfactory of them all, is a wonderful climber, has a thick and thrifty foliage, is most attractive and self sows in great quantities.

This short list of annuals shows that in this class, the flower lover has a considerable choice of beautiful material to choose from. I lay out a certain section which I use as a picking garden; into this go most of my annuals, for this class of flowers, unless steadily and properly picked, soon die out, but when well cared for, watered systematically, and well culti-

vated, they will produce flowers through the summer well into the early fall.

Just a word about the seeding of annuals. I truly believe more flowers and plants are lost by careless seeding than in most any other way. The soil must be well cultivated and fertilized and raked down to as fine a powdered condition as possible before your seeds are planted. Small seeds like poppies, petunias, in fact all tiny seeds should be carefully thrown upon the top of the soil and firmly pressed down with a flat smooth board, then gently watered with a fine sprinkling can. Never use a garden hose on newly seeded beds nor on young plants as they are easily washed out and permanently lost. Larger seeds may be sown in small drills or trenches. Do not treat flower seeds as you would coarse vegetable seeds. Keep your weeds out and with plenty of sunshine you can scarcely fail to produce bright and beautiful flowers. The annuals are a delightful class of flowers and cannot be recommended too highly.

CHAPTER VII

ARRANGEMENT OF CUT FLOWERS

A few trifling suggestions as to the arrangement of cut flowers for home decoration.

How often one sees dozens of gorgeous roses massed together and literally jammed into a vase or bowl too small for even half the amount. Few people realize the exquisite beauty of a single rose. Were I to choose the one from the other I should choose such a rose placed in a dainty vase for simple beauty and loveliness.

Take the garden annual, or perennial, yellow coreopsis, placed in a small individual silver or glass vase with four or five blue cornflowers and a spray of meadow rue. A small number of these vases placed on the average size dining table is much more effective than the single center bouquet.

White shasta daisies with a bit of rue and

two or three tall slender spikes of scarlet salvia in these same individual vases is another charming table decoration.

In arranging bouquets the use of fewer flowers, more green, and plenty of white produce much better effect, as the green and white have a tendency to throw out the colorings of the flowers.

A large brass bowl filled with the yellow California poppy, edged with rue, is most attractive, but remember the poppy grows weary after four o'clock and folds its little flowers to rest until the sunbeams kiss it into life.

Sprays of larkspur with pink snapdragons and soft lavender blue cosmos, a yellow nasturtium, and a spray of rue with a bit of white feverfew makes a Dresden effect quite entrancing.

For bold effects in screened porches or large hall entrances use tall brass floor vases filled with small tender sprouts found at the bottom of the black oak tree. Their green leaves are

edged with just a bit of red, and with these use orange and red June lilies and a long stiff spike of delphinium.

Young sumac branches make a delightful background for tall stocky phloxes in all colorings.

Two large canna plants cut the entire length of the plant, with the brilliant coloring of their wonderful flowers, placed in tall brass porch vases, with the long stems of white boltonia, in late September is wonderfully attractive.

Big bowls of pink and yellow zinnias mixed with mignonette or candytuft are always good.

Hollyhock stalks cut to the ground if not too high and placed in tall floor vases are marvelous.

I am a great lover of the dainty little meadow rue. It grows in almost any shaded woods and is easily transplanted into a shady nook of your garden to live and to live. It seems to live on forever. I have transplanted dozens of such roots and much prefer it to the

different ferns, as it is almost as lacy as the maidenhair fern and for mixing with dainty flowers for table decoration it has no equal.

Single and double hollyhock blossoms picked off their stocks and placed around ices and ice cream and used as salad decoration are the prettiest and most effective of almost any flower. Dainty rose-buds with a single spray of leaves across an ice cream brick, or on the top of a highly frosted pie, is truly decorative.

Big masses of copper yellow gaillardia in dark brown baskets are harmonious to a degree, the copper yellow of the flowers in true contrast to the dark brown of the basket, is most satisfactory.

Gypsophilia or baby's breath with blue forget-me-nots is like a breath of sunshine.

Bowls or vases of pink snapdragons with just a touch of yellow or blue enhances the beauty of the snapdragon.

All my annual flowers have their season in my kitchen. There is nothing more satisfactory for food and table decoration than these dear dainty little butterfly flowers.

One could go on forever with the marvelous colorings nature has given us. It seems with so much wonderful material we should know no such word as failure! Dainty effects with dainty flowers, and bold masses with stocky flowers.

CHAPTER VIII

BULBS

*"It's rather dark in the earth to-day
Said one little bulb to his brother
But I thought that I felt a sunbeam ray
We must strive and grow 'til we find the way.
And they nestled close to each other.
There they struggled and toiled by day and
by night
'Til two little snow-drops in green and white
Rose out of the darkness and into the light
And softly kissed one another."*

— UNKNOWN

Oh! the happiness of early spring! The rough March winds have died to gentle breezes that softly caress the swelling buds and early bursting blossoms. The early spring days awaken a restless longing to work

in the moist black soil almost before the frost is out of the ground. I smell the smoke of burning leaves from someone's bonfire. Oh! the cool of an April evening is the very breath of spring incarnate. The bluebirds and robins are singing and twittering their love songs to each other, and fussily hopping from limb to bough, selecting a love spot for their nesting place. Back on the hillside where twilight is falling the pink and green buds are waiting to expand with the dawn of the sunshine. All our weariness is lost in the joy of a bright spring morning followed by a tender capricious day with clouds and sunshine and occasional raindrops. Out of doors a few snowdrops and early tulips and daffodils are making a brave display. The spring bulbs are brilliant and sparkling, and when they are in full bloom a warm glow pervades the garden. April brings the early daffodils, May and early June are rich with tulips. For two months there is bright and cheerful bloom where, without the bulbs, there would be few flowers to

brighten our gardens. The tulip is unquestionably the greatest of all garden bulbs, not merely because of its brilliancy, though that is great, but because a selection can be made which will bring flowers for six weeks at least. The early single and double tulips will be in full beauty early in May, then later come the Darwin tulips with their lovely tall stems and larger flowers, which will last far into June.

The daffodils will also prove their value. The flower-lover with limited means may restrict himself to cheap but good forms. There is much comment made as to the advisability of allowing bulbs to remain in the ground through the summer months. This has been and is successfully done every year, especially with daffodils, allowing them to remain in spots not used for other flowers. The bulbs may be placed in the ground in October and left there. Tulips are also successfully left from year to year, but the space in a small garden is so limited and cultivation so necessary to our perennial and annual class which must

occupy the same borders or beds used by the tulips, that it is hardly practical to allow them to remain. Better take the bulbs up after they have thoroughly dried out and place them in cool, dark rooms until early fall.

Daffodils may be planted among grasses and successfully left year after year, as mowing over the plants after the drying out period does not seem to damage them. Daffodils are cheery bright little yellow stars shooting skyward, almost before the snow has left us, one can scarcely help loving them, for their ambition alone. Bulbs are successfully raised if one has the time to devote to them.

CHAPTER IX

SUNSHINE, CULTIVATION, AND FERTILIZING

Sunshine, cultivation, and fertilizing are the three most necessary requisites in successful gardens. Without them flowers will refuse to grow, and seeds will dry out and die. All good garden lovers will see first that the soil is properly nourished; by that it must be made sweet by the scattering of small quantities of fresh slacked lime over the top in early spring, then a goodly supply of decayed barnyard manure or the manufactured bone meal spaded in. The ground must be well raked and refined, all small stones or coarse materials, living roots of trees, all these must be carefully removed so as to leave a good clean bed with a depth of at least eighteen inches to allow the roots of the plant to become well nourished. When this is successfully accomplished then the soil is ready for the plants.

Small annual seeds and young plants must necessarily be watered, and one must continue to do so, and not at any time must they be allowed to dry out, rather go without water from the start then to commence and discontinue. All annual plants will produce much lovelier bloom when systematically and conscientiously watered.

Weeding must be done as weeds spread so rapidly they soon overgrow your garden and you are hopelessly lost.

Cultivation for perennial plants is far more necessary than water. The ground must be kept stirred frequently, not allowing it to dry and become a hard crusty surface. In case of extremely dry weather place the garden hose on the perennial bed or border and allow it to run through the day by moving it occasionally; the entire bed will receive a good and complete soaking, which will mean more to the plants and shrubs than a surface watering every day.

All perennial plants have deep, feeding roots, and their nature is to grow down for

their nourishment, but with light watering, the roots have a tendency to come to the top which means undernourished roots and undernourished plants. I sincerely believe this method of caring for perennial plants insures an abundance of growth and successful flowering.

The last and perhaps the most necessary requisite is the warmth of the sunshine. My entire garden was for years handicapped for the want of the life-giving sunshine. I struggled along season after season with apparently little success, when a dear old friend of mine after hearing my complaints remarked, "Well, my little lady, flowers want sunshine; that tree must go, this tree must go. You know you can't grow trees and flowers on the same spot." So I followed his advice and lo! and behold! a true garden of loveliness burst forth, which was a sure proof that flowers, like little children, must have the bright and beautiful sunbeams for their playmates.

There are some few plants that thrive best

in partial shade, but the list is so limited 'tis scarcely necessary to mention them. So when you start your little garden always keep fresh in your memory cultivation, fertilizing, and sunshine.

CHAPTER X

GENERAL FLORAL AND COLOR ARRANGEMENT

There is no occupation known to me that is so absorbing as the distributing and arranging of flowers in a garden, with a view to creating beautiful pictures. The flower-lover who attempts it feels he is playing the part of a true artist. He is doing with living things that which a painter does with oils. The enjoyment of color is, in the garden as elsewhere, entirely a matter of individual feeling. The flower-lover has such a sense of freedom in expressing himself exactly as he, personally, feels. One may set out to form striking blocks of color, while another may turn to wistful violets and tender blues. In all he is his own master to work out effects most pleasing to himself. The strongest colors may be grouped together to produce great richness of effect, if

there be some intermediate tone or tones to draw them together. Color can make or mar a beautiful picture garden. There should be some color in every month from May to October but the task of arranging a large border so that all the plants shall be in harmony with one another is a difficult problem and must be handled with thought and care. A garden planted for color effects may be very beautiful or it may be an ugly conglomeration of foliage, with tangled masses of flowers.

When a small border or garden is to be planted with specially chosen things, the color grouping may be done with individual plants rather than large clumps as space in a small garden is always limited.

I was diligently working one morning when a dear old friend of mine came to the fence and said, "Won't you please come over and give me a few suggestions?" Poor dear soul, he wore an air of absolute dejection. I dropped my hoe and followed him across the street into his garden beyond. Here my gaze met the

most brilliantly gorgeous mass of scarlet salvia I think I have ever seen in any one individual grouping. The tall slender stocks raising their scarlet heads up into the sunshine were just giggling themselves into a bursting, fluttering, flame-like loveliness. Immediately juxtaposed was the proud stately phlox standing supreme in its exquisite freshness, dozens of them, pushing forth their buds into the most dazzling magenta coloring. I held up my hands and exclaimed, "Oh, what a fight!" The pathetic appeal in his dear old face I shall never forget. What could we do?

The season being too far advanced for transplanting, there was no flower in the garden that could be brought forth to share with us our misery or to help in any way to alleviate the situation.

The strong reds being the colors most difficult to handle, there was but one alternative — namely, that the stately phlox in all its pristine loveliness should go; each and every stalk must be cut to the ground. What a disap-

pointment to my dear old friend! He had spent his best efforts the entire summer to make this the show spot of his garden. What a sorrow! His hopes, his house of dreams, his sacrifice!

The phlox was later relegated to another part of the garden and masses of white put in its place, but before another flowering season had rolled around my dear old silver haired friend was laid to rest, and now I am wondering if in his resting place he still has flowers and sunshine — the two great passions of his life.

My feeling in the matter of flower coloring is that none is bad if given a happy association. White used in broad masses has dignity and a serene beauty. Massing the golden yellow coreopsis with a lavish border of white sweet alyssum, the giant variety, is pleasingly attractive. Perhaps the most pretentious bed of blue I have ever seen was a very large oval bed built slightly higher toward the center

and filled with masses of the very bluest forget-me-nots and encircled with a two-foot border of white June marguerites. The green lawn, like the softest velvet, came to the edge of the marguerites. This was truly a garden picture.

A coloring perhaps a bit frenchy and odd for the average garden, but to me so soft and restful, is the old fragrant garden heliotrope massed in front of the belladonna larkspur. The soft light blue of the larkspurs and the shadowy purple of the heliotrope as revealed in the sky, and in the sea, glow with a soft radiance almost startling to behold.

Tall flamboyant hollyhocks in red, yellow, pink, and almost black, standing alone in one mass on a side hill and overlooking the garden below, is the one grand pageant of my garden. Under the hill in smaller quantities the pale pink, cream, and white hollyhocks are banked against a shrubby bed of varied colored leaves, and in between are pale pink and lavender phloxes. They all seem so

supremely content resting there in the soft sweet sunlight.

Opposite and along the vine covered fence a hedge of spirea Von Houttei serves as a background for the lily bed. Here hundreds of bright red lilies create a gay and pleasing picture. Below and on the banks of the little bubbling stream the iris find their home and here a few shafts of silver foliage pierce the blue and lavender colorings of the iris. This is among the loveliest of the early June pictures. In whatever direction we choose to turn our steps this picture of June's loveliness awaits us. The soft clear shades of blue, violet, mauve, pink, and white of the iris, with its ever verdant foliage housed amicably with the blue forget-me-nots, descend in a veritable sheet of blue to the water's edge. Hardly more than a step above may be seen the straight and stately reeds of the cat-tails, on whose topmost pinnacle Mr. Blackbird sways and sings his merry little song to the sunbeams. And just on beyond in the softening twilight

the silver stars of the fragrant white tobacco stand out as quiet signals of the night, and at their signs the shadows seems to part and close, then part again. They raise their pale heads with assured grace and flood the dusk with a sweetness at once delicate and intense.

Somewhere I have read of a combination of gold yellow coreopsis bordered with scarlet salvia, or as suggested by this same "someone" a mass of scarlet salvia bordered with a yellow gold. I will wager this "someone" decks himself in purple clothes and binds around his neck a scarlet tie. This intense coloring of red and yellow probably appeals tremendously to this flower-lover. He should have attended the flower battle in the garden of my dear old friend, when the scarlet salvia and stately magenta phlox drew swords, but, as I have previously stated, one's garden is his own individual spot of happiness. Therein of course lies its charm. Garden planning and color scheming are the most difficult phases of gardening upon which to give advice, since,

to fulfill its destiny, each garden must reflect the ideal, the fancies, and fads of its possessor. The little fairyland of my garden is lying quietly and serenely on the south hillside. It is full of leaf and flower. The tall surrounding fence is vine-covered. Masses of wild grape and sweet white clematis, the soft purple flower of the trailing morning glory, rivaling its sister flower the four o'clock, are growing in clumps below. And the beds and borders of this little garden? Why they are just full to overflowing with the sweetest old fashioned flowers. This is a garden where the little plants are just as important as the big ones. Here the tall bright tulips in all their dark red beauty are tripping hand in hand with the "dancing daffodils." The long fragrant stocks of mignonette stand as guards over the dainty little many colored sunroses that edge the winding paths. Old sweet william is hobnobbing with the stately white lilies. The dainty clove pinks in clumps by themselves are casting shy glances at the gorgeous silk poppies

just over the way. All of these flowers carry memories of the past. Perhaps the most exquisite moments in this little garden come in evening-time as one sits on the old rustic bench under the great spreading Linden tree, that for years has guarded this little garden, and shielded it from the cold north winds.

The setting sun floods the garden with a radiant glow. There you sit and there you dream, until the sun sinks in the heavens and the spell is broken.

CHAPTER XI

MY GARDEN

*"Had I a garden, alleys green
Should lead where none would guess,
Save lovers to exchange unseen
Shy whispers and caress."*

My garden is a place of winding walks, vine covered arches, secret arbors, shady paths, frequent surprises, and hidden beauties. The winding paths lure us on to charms unknown until they disappear in the glen below. Through this glen runs the rippling brook, and at the water's edge, banked with tall orange and red lilies, rests in peaceful solitude my ever famous Japanese tea house.

During a sojourn in Japan I became, as do all Americans, desperately enamored of the dear little Japanese tea houses. On my return

nothing would do but that I must have one. I carefully selected the tree on which to place it. I engaged my carpenter and after going over every detail we commenced our operations. We cut the tree within, say, nine feet of the ground. On the top we built our roof umbrella shape. We worked hard, long, diligently and finally produced a roof quite in keeping with my every wish. We neatly thatched the top, ceiled the inside, and all in all it was quaint and attractive. We next built a seat around the tree and the family pronounced the undertaking quite a success. I was jubilant with my Japanese tea house. At the time I selected the tree but one thought was in my mind—that I was to have a tea house. After its completion I found it was a block away from any possible or presentable place to serve tea, but not daunted in the least by its remote situation, I continued to walk around it with a feeling of perfect success. Fall crept on and time for closing and moving into town was at hand. Many times during



THE GLEN, THE FAIRY-LAND OF MY GARDEN

the winter the thought of my tea house came to my mind but with a strange feeling of What was it doing so far away? However, as no comment had been made, I continued to satisfy myself that it was quite right. Spring came bright and early that year and the country with all of its little green bursting buds and singing of birds called me to come, so we moved earlier than was our custom. Each day I would wander down into the glen and inspect my newly acquired tea house. On the occasion of each visit I had a feeling of unrest, of disappointment. I felt like saying: What are you doing here? By the end of the first week, it was apparent that the tea house must go—must seek some congenial corner, some spot that meant something. It must, if possible, be reached by a pretty little winding path. I sauntered up and down the stream. At last I came to a tall ash tree just at the water's edge, at which point the bubbling water dashing over a huge rock made a splashing rainbow waterfall. Just here the golden

barked dogwood had spread its branches in a tangled mass across the stream and the young vines of the Virginia creeper had twined themselves in and out to form a canopy over the waterfall. This was the bathing spot of the bird family. Here Mr. Scarlet Tanager dipped and preened his brilliant plumage to make ready for some new conquest. Have you ever watched this fickle little bird when he is in a deep flirtation with Mrs. Goldfinch or Miss Vireo? Oh, he is a wicked little gayly plumed Knight, quite the Beau Brummel of the bird family. The robins, the blue-birds (dear little harbingers of Spring), the song sparrow and ever brilliant Mr. Blue Jay reveled in this waterfall in the bright sunshine. Down under the willows the sun-kissed cowslips poke their tiny heads out of the sand almost as soon as the snow is gone. Nestling deep in the rich, black leafmold at the foot of the linden tree a huge group of soft, lavender pink, moccasin flowers make their home. The fragrant breeze, as it comes fresh

from the caress of the white lily bed, awakens a world of tender memories. In a moment it lifts the veil of years while one lives again the dreams of happy days. A magic door closes upon the world of work and strife. Everywhere is peace. The rustling of the leaves, the soft sighing of the wind, the gentle flutter of some petal as it falls from a full blown flower fills you with a contentment beyond words to express. In such a spot one can dream dreams, weave fancies, and revive sweet memories. It helps one to live again the summers that are past. So, then, in this spot must my tea house reside.

Once more I engaged my carpenter and made ready for a grand moving procession. We cut the top off the ash tree in readiness for the roof. Four husky men were commandeered to help lift it into place. Just as I thought it was safely landed, it cracked, slipped and fell flat on the ground. Oh! why had I traveled in Japan? Meanwhile, my four husky men were endeavoring to right the

floundering thing, but, owing to its size, four men were insufficient to cope with it. Accordingly I enlisted the services of three more stalwart chaps. The seven, puffing and snorting like young sea lions, at last succeeded in hitting the topmost pinnacle of the tree; it shivered and shook and wavered a bit, but good luck and a dexterous young carpenter won the day and it was quickly nailed and securely anchored. We built a floor and screened it round, making a most complete and, I now frankly admit, artistic, garden tea house.

I had very accurately planned to enter the tea house only by crossing the little stream on what I thought to be attractive stepping stones. To do this the tea house was supported by two low cement pillars set in midstream. When the pillars were complete and the cement soft, I spent an entire day doing, as I told my little sister, fancy inlay and rococo-work. I gathered dozens of bright-colored stones and pebbles from the bed of the creek and carefully

pressed them into the soft cement, thus producing a really attractive bit of underpinning. The tea house now became a popular objective for members of the family—which proves again that success brings popularity. My dear old gardener worked faithfully in planting a four-foot border of red and orange June lilies around one entire side. On the other he planted dainty bits of maiden hair fern, together with the blue-eyed soft purple violet, chaperoned by the tall pink and yellow iris. The task was finished. I had built success out of the foundation stone of disappointment. I served my first tea to the gardener, his assistants, and my carpenter. The smile of happiness that radiated their sunburnt faces caused a feeling of serene contentment within my soul. I was glad after all I had traveled in Japan.

The day had been close and sultry. As night came on heavy clouds banked the western sky. Faint, gentle breezes sent tremors

through the leaves of the trees, and drifted away over the hilltops beyond. The song of a robin or the silver strain of a wood thrush was wafted through the air. The pale gold moon, breaking through the fleeting clouds, sent silver streaks of moonbeams through the branches of the old linden tree, to kiss the dew drops on the lily pads below. All was still. Night had unfolded her silken velvet robe and spread it softly over the sleeping world.

I was suddenly awakened by terrific lightning and thunder that seemed to shake the very earth. The storm broke in all its fury. The rain came in sheets. The swaying and creaking of the branches of the trees and the rush and roar of the wind were almost deafening in their fierceness. The entire family, parading in pajamas, with candles, made a weird picture, like so many ghosts that accompany. Such storms! I so revel in a storm that fear and I are strangers, but the rush of the water in the stream below filled me with a

sense of alarm. In the glare of the lightning I could see the glen flooded to the proportions of a good sized lake. For almost two hours the storm continued. Dawn at length broke quietly and peacefully, and the bright, sweet sunlight warmed the earth, quite oblivious of the night before.

*O, Nature! With what majestic power
Dost thou command thy world!*

I arose early, pulled on my rubber boots, jumped into my raincoat, and flew for the glen. Alas! My tea house was in close communion with the sandy bed of the bubbling stream. Not content with rolling over once, it had turned a double somersault and landed flat on the other side of the stream with its face buried deep in the sand. My wonderfully inlaid rococo pillars were probably ten miles down the great Mississippi, fastening themselves as barnacles on the bottom of some belated steamboat.

The lilies so carefully planted had followed

the procession. They, too, had gone over the falls into the river below and, perchance, the long slender leaves of the lily plants were woven into an emerald barge as a home for the water nymphs.

Despair filled my heart. As a garden decorator I did not seem destined to be a success. My mother had told me many times that as a child my days were all laughter and sunshine. I had always greeted her with a smile, never cried when to laugh seemed best. This thought came to my mind as I disconsolately sat on a rock. Suddenly I burst into peals of laughter. It all struck me as the funniest thing that had happened yet. My garden experiences had not only been funny and disappointing, but were verging on the point of financial distress.

However, the tea house was restored to its foundation and securely anchored. And at this moment I am sitting here in the little house where it rests closely hugging the hillside that has shielded it from wind and storm.

Here the spirit of peace finds rest and in her train come happy memories, chasing away the trials, crowding out the troubles that beset the daylight hours. Twilight falls like some magic veil thrown from the lap of the gods; it shrouds the builder's details while bringing into fresh life the beauty of the whole.

A month rolled by. My enthusiasm for garden beautifying was at its height. I wanted to originate, to produce. I wanted pretty winding paths, quaint old rustic seats thoughtfully placed beneath the spreading linden trees, where one could sit and watch the setting sun as it flooded the garden with a radiant glow. I wanted rustic bridges spanning the sparkling little stream, moonlight waterfalls that sparkled and shown when the pale moon shed its silver beams. I wanted vine covered arbors where one could sit and listen to the singing of the birds and watch the mamma birds teaching the baby birds the ways of life and song. All this mad desire for construction burned within me until I fell victim to

bridge building. My knowledge of rustic bridge building at the outset was negligible. However, it is well to be philosophic even in the face of disappointment, so I plunged ahead. In the farthest end of the glen the hillside was a steep, rolling incline. At this point the little winding, graveled path was constantly washing away, necessitating immediate repair after every hard rain storm. I had pictured to myself a prettily curving, smoothly laid cement walk about eighteen inches wide trailing over this hillside to the stream below where it should be met by a most attractive rustic foot bridge. Either side of the walk I had hoped to plant deep with forget-me-nots. Joyful visions of budding growth and shoots yielding up their blossoms thronged in upon me. It all looked like some delightful picture book; the turning of the first page is the most entrancing since all the others lie hidden.

So I gathered together my forces and set to work. My gardener assured me he could



HILLSIDE WITH GRAVEL PATH

easily do the work if "Mrs." would lay the plans. We decided on silver birch for our material and spent a number of days selecting the pieces, so as to make our bridge as artistic and attractive as possible. I struggled and worked with plans which grew more and more complicated. My final decision was to throw away my plans and build as I went. The week I spent at my first bridge building was the happiest of my entire garden experience. Everything was all so novel, so thoroughly engaging. The hours flew by like moments. Even meal time would have passed unnoticed had not my dear old gardener advised me it was "time to eat." An entire week was consumed. At the end of that time we had produced something, to me at least so wonderful that I could not quite understand just how we did it. When I first suggested to the household that I was contemplating bridge building they all wore an expression which plainly said, "more trouble." This only caused me to say to myself, "If I can't build a bridge, why

can't I?" So in order to find the answer I decided to build it.

After its completion I was so absolutely thrilled with my success that I dashed into the laying of a cement walk with all the nonchalance of a veteran of sand and lime. But here I received an awful bump. My gardener knew nothing of walk-making nor mixing of cement nor the thousand other little details that went with it. No more did I. My idea of a cement walk was simply to mix the cement and lay it in the path on the ground and smooth off the sides. I had in my employ that summer a young German, as chauffeur, who as he said had at one time been a high "Mucky Muck" in the cement world but had given up his trade for the more elevating and lucrative position of chauffeur. I immediately engaged him in conversation only to learn that in order to make our walk he would have to lay forms made of lumber in which to put the cement. After filling my head full of his superior knowledge as to cement work, I gave my or-

ders for lumber, sand, and cement according to his dictation. I was to draw the line of march, as it were, down the hillside in and out in symetrically curved lines until I met the bridge at the stream below. Oh! the joy and feverish excitement of this, my first real cement work. The delight of a garden is found not so much in the work done, as in the work doing. A true garden lover is always dreaming dreams, building castles in the air, dream-castles that will lose none of their glamor even though they may never materialize, and so it was with me. About this little walk and bridge I drew visions of creeping vines half screening the nests of tiny birds, of stately blue and pink iris nestling at the water's edge, of masses of forget-me-nots as blue as the blue of the heavens above. And so I worked on with the exquisite delight of perfect contentment.

We graded here, filled in there, we measured and sifted and hoed and raked, until I felt the responsibilities of the producers of the

great Woolworth or Singer buildings, and the wonderful knowledge that was forthcoming from the stupendous brain of the high "Mucky Muck of the cement world" would fill more than a wee, wistful, garden book. Our work was completed late one lovely summer afternoon and I felt distressed at the refusal of the "Boss," as it were, to cover it with boards or burlap, as I had seen street curbing done, but his reply was, "In such a remote part of the grounds nothing would mar it and 'twas much better to leave it uncovered so as to dry out more quickly," and as he was the "Authority" and I only a lowly helper I refrained from further suggesion. That night I retired on my laurels, weary in body I can assure you, but with a perfect happiness of success. Early next morning even before having my coffee I ran up to the glen to be sure everything was just as we left it the night before. How well I remember that morning! I can even now see the dewdrops as they sparkled on the million blades of grass. I stopped short on my

approach to the little walk. Little dogs, big dogs, lady dogs, and gentleman dogs, yes, they all had been there. Perhaps because of its being in the remotest part of the grounds they had chosen it for their moonlight rendezvous and had made my cement walk a Midway Plaisance. Their little foot prints were inches deep and even a bird or two had drifted in to make the maze more complicated. Oh! my grief at that moment! I can feel it now. I returned by the way of the garage where I lingered only long enough to tell "Mr. High Mucky-Muck" that because of his superior knowledge he would have the exquisite pleasure of resurfacing the walk and to lose no time in so doing. There was a still quiet in the atmosphere that morning that caused a feeling of unrest within me; a terribly depressing humidity. I decided the climatic conditions had got together and were gossiping about my new bridge. I remarked to my gardener I was fearful of a bad storm, to all of which he frankly agreed. Even at that moment the

silver leaves on the poplar trees were commencing to dance their weird little dance as the wind took them unawares. A half frightened robin flew by us in haste to its little ones alone in their nest in the top of the old apple tree. The storm was upon us almost before we could reach a place of shelter. The darkness was so intense candles were resorted to. It was perhaps the most terrifying wind and rain storm I have ever known. In less than thirty minutes the most horrible devastation had taken place. I remember only once of thinking or looking toward my bridge, at which time I seemed to see a piece of silver birch flying through the air. The entire household was in a panic of fear. I hope I may never again witness anything so stupendously frightful. The loss of life that followed in the wake of this giant of rain and wind was terrific. The sorrows and misfortunes of people who were caught unawares depressed me so completely that it was two or three days before I realized my own loss. Of course

there were only pieces of my beautiful bridge and remnants of cement and sand lying on the hillside, but, you know the little verse, "If at first you don't succeed —" Well, I tried again. This time I securely anchored my bridge and though it has been water-soaked and wind-tried it still remains intact. At times it had seemed to me that in planning and constructing my garden my disappointments were more than average. Still it may be that these very disappointments in the end brought me the greatest happiness, and aided me in developing the culture of flowers.

And thus I turn the last page of my wee, wistful garden book. When one is seized with a spirit of unrest as incomprehensible as its origin is obscure, then is the time to wander in among your flowers with the blue canopy of heaven above and the fresh black dirt beneath your feet. The red silken poppies peep out and smile at you and the sunshine filters through the treetops. Daylight fades, flushed

rose and red and gold, by the borrowed radiance of the sun-stained clouds. The garden glows with the mystic light of the dying day. Surely this is the gardener's supreme hour. The fragrance of the night-scented stocks and white tobacco steals o'er the still air, full and fresh and sweet wafted from the wedding bouquet of Night and Twilight.

The world is hushed and only the breeze in the trees above chants a lullaby to the dreaming flowers.

*"Good-night, little garden, sweet may thy
slumbers be!*

*I leave thee to the tender care,
Of the still earth and brooding air
As when the mother from her breast
Lays the sleeping child to rest,
And shades its eyes and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be."*

ANNUALS AND PERENNIALS

Following is a list of annuals and perennials, giving date of flowering, average height, color, length of bloom, and hardiness.

h. a. — meaning hardy annual.

h. p. — meaning hardy perennial.

h. h. a. — meaning half hardy annual

h. h. p. — meaning half hardy perennial.

Annuals and Perennials	1st flowering	Average Height	Color	Bloom	Hardiness
Achillea Pearl	June 15	2 ft.	White	Until frost	h. p.
Ageratum	July 15	1 ft.	Blue	Until frost	h. a.
Balsam	July 15	2 ft.	Various	6 weeks	h. a.
Corn flowers	June 15	2 ft.	Various	8 weeks	h. a.
Candytuft	July 15	1 ft.	Various	6 weeks	h. a.
Clove Pinks	June 1	10 in.	White, pink	4 weeks	h. p.
Cosmos, early	July 15	4 ft.	White, pink, red	8 weeks	h. a.
Cosmos, late	Aug. 15	4 ft.	White, pink, red	6 weeks	h. a.
Coreopsis, lanceolate grande flora	July 1	2½ ft.	Yellow	Until frost	h. p.
Dahlia	July 15	4 ft.	Various	Until frost	tender
Daisy, yellow, Dimor- photheca Aurantiaca	July 15	1 ft.	Bright yellow	Until frost	h. h. a.
Dianthus Pinks	June 15	1 ft.	Various	Until frost	h. h. p.
Delphinium	July 15	3 ft.	Blue, white, etc.	Until frost	h. p.
Forget-me-not	June 1	8 in.	Blue	4 weeks	h. p.
Feverfew, double	July 1	1½ ft.	White	10 weeks	h. h. p.
Gaillardia	July 1	2 ft.	Yellow, red	Until frost	h. p.

Annuals and Perennials	1st flowering	Average Height	Color	Bloom	Hardiness
Gladiolus bulb	Aug. 1	1½ ft.	Various	4 weeks	tender
Golden Glow	Aug. 15	6 ft.	Yellow	4 weeks	h. p.
Hollyhocks	July 15	5 ft.	Various	3 weeks	h. p.
Iris, Japanese	July 10	2 to 3 ft.	Various	3 weeks	h. p.
Iris, German	May 15	2 ft.	Various	3 weeks	h. p.
Larkspur	July 15	1½ ft.	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Love-in-the-Mist	Aug. 1	1 ft.	Blue	6 weeks	h. a.
Marigold	Sept. 15	2 to 4 ft.	Yellow	Until frost	h. a.
Nasturtium	July 1	Climbing	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Nicotina affinis	July 15	3 ft.	White	Until frost	h. a.
Petunias, fringed	June 15	1 ft.	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Petunias, common	June 15	1 ft.	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Poppies, annual	July 10	1½ ft.	Various	2 weeks	h. a.
Poppy, California	July 1	1 ft.	Yellow, etc.	8 weeks	h. a.
Peonies	June 10	3 ft.	Various	3 weeks	h. p.
Phlox Drummondii	July 12	1 ft.	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Portulaca	July 15	6 in.	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Roses	June 1	1 to 6 ft.	Various	4 weeks	h. p.
Salpiglossis	July 15	1 ft.	Various	6 weeks	h. h. a.
Shasta Daisy	July 1	1½ ft.	White	4 weeks	h. p.
Snapdragon	June 15	1½ ft.	Various	Until frost	h. h. p.
Stock	July 10	1½ ft.	Various	Until frost	h. h. a.
Stokesia cyanea	July 1	2 ft.	Blue	10 weeks	h. p.
Sweet Alyssum	July 1	6 in.	White	Until frost	h. a.
Sweet William	June 12	1½ ft.	Various	4 weeks	h. p.
Sweet Peas	June 15	5 ft.	Various	10 weeks	h. a.
Sweet Sultan	June 15	2 ft.	Various	8 weeks	h. a.
Verbena	July 15	1 ft.	Various	Until frost	h. a.
Zinnia	July 15	2 ft.	Various	Until frost	h. a.

I am giving below a list of hardiest, best known species of peonies, phlox, and tulips, for this climate:

PEONIES

Festiva Maxima — white, red center.

Duc de Wellington — white.

Felix Crousse — red.

Louis Van Houtte — red.

Modeste — pink.

L'Esperance — red.

Prince de Felindyke — dark purple.

PERENNIAL PHLOX

Coquilizot — coral, red, dark red center.

Champignot — bright rose.

Esias Tegner — deep rose.

Miss Lingard — pure white.

Obergart Witteg — magenta with crimson eye.

Pantheon — pink rose.

R. B. Struthers — bright pink, salmon.

Skeleton — white, red eye.

TULIPS

Any of the Darwin Tulips you will find desirable, requiring perhaps less care than any other.

Pride of Harlam — red and very desirable.

Gretchen — pink, very good.

In ordering your tulips you should not neglect to get a few Jessneriana.

The advantage of the Darwin tulips is that they remain with you longer than the common tulips. They do not degenerate as quickly. In fact, many nurserymen claim they are the only group of tulips that will successfully endure this climate.

GARDEN PESTS AND REMEDIES

The insect pests which afflict plants at times are most troublesome and annoying. Plants seemingly affected with disease may be sprayed weekly with Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead combined, or alternate Bordeaux with tobacco. If they do not improve dig them up, look for worms, cleanse the roots with a weak solution of Bordeaux and reset in the fresh earth with Bordeaux dug in about the crown. Bordeaux mixture is not strictly an insecticide but most insects avoid it. Tobacco is one of the most useful garden remedies. When it is not sufficiently efficacious combine it with soap.

Keresene emulsion (or else whale-oil), Bordeaux mixture, tobacco, and arsenate of lead, are sufficient for most gardens. Some gardens do not need any treatment.

PROPORTIONS OF APPLICATIONS

Kerosene emulsion — Summer application for shrubs, one part to fifteen parts water, i.e., one pint of the emulsion to two gallons of water.

Whale oil, soap, and tobacco — Use decoction of two ounces of whale oil soap and one pound of ground to-

bacco in two gallons of boiling water, cooled before used on summer plants.

Bordeaux dry — Can be dusted on wet leaves or dug in about the crown of the plant.

Bordeaux mixture powdered — Four ounces of Bordeaux powder in two gallons of water.

Tobacco decoction — One pound ground tobacco steeped in one gallon hot water, cooled and sprayed on. Be careful not to inhale the spray.

Tobacco powder — Is sometimes dusted on plants, and when dug in about the roots of trees or plants affected with root lice it is beneficial; it also acts as a fertilizer.

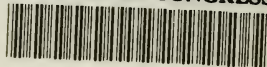
Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead — One pound arsenate of lead to twenty-five gallons of diluted Bordeaux mixture, or for a small quantity mix four ounces of Bordeaux powder in two gallons of water to which add three drams of arsenate of lead.

CUT WORMS AND WIRE WORMS

Signs of cut worms may be detected when the plant withers and topples over and is partly cut in two just below the surface. Find a worm about one-half inch under the soil, probably near the injured stalk, and kill it. Place around the plant fine coal ashes slightly dug under the soil, not touching the plant, or place paper collars or thin shingles around the base of the stem, two inches under and one inch above the ground. For a bait to destroy the cut worm use fresh clover dipped in arsenate and syrup, and cover over with an inch of soil, or mix bran with paris green and molasses into a paste thin enough to be sprinkled over the ground among the plants.



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